




Division 1

Section 7

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FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

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WE are very much touched to notice in the following vacation letters of some of our missionaries how much work their earnest hearts forced them to undertake, while they were seeking rest and strength for another year's arduous and absorbing labors. Have we toiled as much for the cause committed to our care, while enjoying the lavish gifts of nature, or does their example come to us as a reproach?

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FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

**INDIA—Calcutta.**

*Letters from MISS WOODWARD.*

A BRAVE WOMAN.

Let me tell you about that which will rejoice your hearts as it does ours. I have given several accounts of a pupil belonging to the Koolin Brahmin caste, which is the highest in India. Two years ago she sent for me, by one of her household who had been almost a constant listener in a place where I taught. She wanted me to tell her about God. I questioned her, to see if she was sincere, and was delighted with her earnestness and aptness. After hearing a few months about Christ, her earnest desire was to become a Christian, and as



she learned more and more, her ardent wish was to be baptized. At first she wished no daily teacher, but as her family did not like my instructing her only in religion, she began to learn English and plain sewing. One day she said, "I only want to learn the Bible," and read in it regularly for some time. Then arose strange domestic opposition, and I could only leave my pupil with God, knowing that He would not forsake her. Occasionally I read and sung with her, and had long and earnest talks with her brother, as her father would not see me.

During vacation, news came that a Bo of high caste had escaped from her home, had found shelter with some native Christian missionaries, but had been forcibly taken from them by her father and husband. I thought at once of my pupil, but dared not think it was she. I thought of the many times she had asked me to take her away and let her be a Christian, but I had always told her that she must remain in her home until God opened the way for her. Not long after, some missionaries came to tell me that one of my Bos had made her escape to the "Old Church Parsonage," and wished to see me, as she was a candidate for baptism. I found her, with her child, in a locked room, and as soon as the door was opened she was in my arms. The Bo received Miss Marston, who accompanied me, with all the composure she would have done had she been in her own home. Though of high caste, her home was humble and outward comforts were very scanty. She told me an old servant helped her to escape, and took her to the native christians of the "Free Church Mission." The father accused the servant and commanded to be shown where the daughter was, and then compelled her to return home, with much abuse. Her husband had beaten her and told her to give up Christ, but she had prayed that he would help her to escape again.

She left home a second time, at dark, and taking her youngest child, two years of age, walked to the Mission where I found her. Although her family had visited her, the pastors refused to give her up to them against her will.

I listened to her story and then asked, "What did you do all this for?" She replied, "For Jesus Christ, because He died

for me, to take away my sins." "Do you believe that He is your Saviour, the Son of God, and that He left His glory to become one of us, and is now pleading in heaven for us?" I continued. With clasped hands and devout expression, as if from the depths of her heart, she answered, "Yes, I believe with a full faith. "What makes you love Him and believe that He has done more for you than any of the gods you have heard of before?" "He has given His Spirit in my heart." "Will you ever give Him up?" "No, never."

Is not this a glorious confession from one who less than two short years ago paid poojah to dumb idols, and now out of a full heart, and living faith, believes in and praises the living God? It seems very little; only one soul escaped from bondage, the stirring of one leaf in the "tops of the mulberry trees;" but we feel sure that the Lord God goeth before us, and emancipation day is nearing.

#### WANT OF CARE IN SICKNESS.

My days are full of work, and I have many precious times in some of my houses. When I first went to visit in one zenana I had to pass through the men's court. After a few months the Babus had their quarters renovated, and when they looked quite inviting the front door was closed, and we were told to go to the next street, where was the entrance to the women's court. You cannot imagine the contrast—dark, dismal and dirty—but my pupil's sweet, pensive face gave it a charm. When I last saw her she was a beautiful woman, and with any degree of care there would have been but little change in her! In three short weeks she was so altered that I scarcely knew her. In a little dark closet, on the side of the house where the sun poured in and where not a breath of air could enter, her little one had come into the world. I found her sitting on the door-sill leading on to the verandah, where the sun beat upon her, and she seemed too faint to speak. I contrasted her condition with those whose lot is cast where Christian principle has taught tenderness and care. I told the nurse to remove her to a cooler place, and the next day found her on the other side of

the house in a dirty bed. Over the babe of less than three weeks was laid a thick wadded quilt intended for a bed. This was the wife and child of a rich man, rich enough to provide comforts for himself, but a beggarly soul to neglect such a wife.

#### THE GOSPEL READ.

The interest in my work and among my pupils deepens in many cases. It would have cheered you to see five little girls in one of my schools, read with understanding the fourth chapter of St. Matthew, keeping their places and correcting one another. A few weeks before vacation, as some of the children were absent, I presumed the reason was because I had given them so much of study in the Gospel. But I resolved to give more, if every house were closed in consequence. The next week six of the girls wished I would send them a copy of St. Mathew's Gospel, for which they would pay, and although they would take it to their homes, they would bring it to school every day.

While I was teaching a little Bo lately in a small room off a compound, I noticed that an elder sister stood watching us from the top of the house. When I asked her to come down, she said she would if the door leading into the street was closed. As I closed the heavy door she came, bringing her infant with her, and soon became greatly interested. She had a sweet face, and I thought if she seemed so lovely without the knowledge of Christ, what would she be in Him with the hope of glory. As she was only a visitor, and was to leave soon, I told her to take her sister's Gospel and "Peep of Day" with her if I did not see her again, and I would replace them. The next week, as she bade me good-bye, she extended her hand and said with a sweet smile, "I thank you for the books." While reading she said, "You love me already." I told her that was what Jesus taught us.



*Letter from MISS STAIG.*

## TALKING TO GOD.

Of late I have noticed a marked increase of interest in the Scriptures manifested among my pupils. An old woman, whom I first began to visit six months ago, seemed very anxious to learn, and asked how long I thought it would be before she would be able to read well, adding, "I want to read our Shasters." I told her that I had a book which was better than any other, for it was God's own book. She readily assented to my reading and explaining a small portion of it as simply as I could each time I visited her. I ventured to pray with her, and one time when I rose to leave she begged me to stay a little longer and "talk to God." In a few weeks she told me that she had no faith left in her idols, and that she believed only in the one true God, and added, "Now I wish more than ever to learn to read, so that I may have your Bible." One day, after praying with her, I told her that it would please the Lord if she asked Him herself for what she wanted, so she knelt down by my side and prayed: "Oh! God, I love you very much. Give me faith in Jesus Christ. Forgive my sins. Show me the way and teach me. And, oh! God, whatever you may be pleased to give me, give me eternal life, and make me to believe in you." I was greatly moved by this simple and earnest prayer, and thankful to the good Father who had blessed my teachings.

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MISS COLES writes: In a house where I teach two interesting pupils, I noticed there were some pictures of the gods hanging in the room. I asked the brightest and most attentive girl if she worshipped them. In a whisper she replied, "We have to keep them about the house for show, as the people of our caste would speak ill of us if we disregarded them altogether. I do not believe in them; they are all untrue. Your religion must be true, because it teaches about one God."

**INDIA—Allahabad.***Letters from MISS WARD.*

A CHILD'S PERSUASION.

One day, while waiting for one of our missionaries, I saw on a verandah by the roadside a beautiful little girl, about eight years of age, conversing earnestly with a Babu, who I supposed was her father. She glanced eagerly toward me, and I judged that she was asking for permission to read. I went to them, and gained the father's consent to his child's studying weekly with me. At first he made some objections, saying that he would teach her, but the pleading face of the little one won him over, and he consented, inviting me to his house. Then many women quickly gathered about, and after a little conversation I learned they were members of the family. None would consent to read with me, although anxious to hear all I wished to say.

When I next went to the house, the Babu conducted me to an empty room, and sent the child in alone. She had prepared her lesson well, and when, as usual, the secular studies were over, I began to give her a simple Bible lesson, her face lighted up with joy. She said she had heard of Jesus in our school, where she had been allowed to go only for a few days. When I talked to her of Christ's love for little children, she sat with clasped hands, looking up eagerly into my face, as if to drink in every word. In answer to different questions about the One who had done everything for us, her beautiful face would beam with joy as she answered, "Jesus." It seemed as though she loved the very sound of the word, for she repeated it over and over again. It was sweet to hear His name on the lips of this little heathen girl. I think the work among the children very encouraging, for we often see the fulfillment, "A little child shall lead them."

## DILIGENT STUDENT.

One little Bo has given me encouragement by studying hard through the vacation, and so mastering some difficult passages in the Primer. She has been reading nearly a year, but is very

slow in any mental labor. She has perseveringly pushed on, a few words at a time, and week by week seemed to have made little progress. She met me with a warm welcome, saying that she had prepared her lesson, and as she opened her book, she read page after page very perfectly. When I praised her for her diligence, her joy knew no bounds. She wanted to surprise me and had asked her husband to help her, and so the two together had accomplished more than I had in a year. I believe she will soon be able to read the Bible, and that is all I had ever hoped she would be able to do. When a woman has learned to read that, and has the simple truths of religion firmly fastened in her mind, my work is nearly finished; then if she ever goes away from our influence, I feel great hope that she may be led by God's word to the light.

Sometimes we find encouragement when we least expect it. One bright little pupil has always been very quiet when I have tried to talk of the Bible and its truths. The last time I talked with her of Christ's birth, she showed much feeling, and told me that she loved Jesus, and her husband did also, and that they often read the bible together. Upon enquiry, I found they had a copy of "Barth's Bible Stories," so I left with her a copy of one of the Gospels, that she and her husband together might read Christ's own words. What India needs more than anything else, is an outpouring of God's spirit in a great revival. It seems to me, that many of the people are ready for it. Are all Christians waiting on the Lord for this blessing?

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*Letter from MISS LATHROP.*

## VACATION WORK.

During my vacation on the hills, I tried to do some mission work. In looking for a new Bengali house, which had been pointed out to me a few days previously, I went by mistake into a Hindostanee residence, The woman welcomed me gladly, and as I could talk so little with her, I asked if I might bring another lady, who knew her language. She willingly consented, and now a friend is teaching her daily. While we were

there, not less than a dozen women came in, all interested and ready for a talk. I took my friend to another house, where, with our Bengali pupils, we were trying to teach the rudiments of her own language, to a Hindostanee woman. Another came in and read, and by this means we have gained access to several other families. How I wish there was some one to leave here, to teach those who would so gladly learn. Among these simple minded people of the Hills, I have no doubt more immediate results would be seen, than in our work on the plains.

#### A FAMILY BAPTISM.

Coming up the hill a few evenings ago, we saw a number of native people collected in the Dispensary building, which is now used for Hindostanee service. We found a baptism was about to take place; a mother having come in from one of the villages, desiring with her family to become Christians. After the rite was solemnized, Mr. Judd told us this story.—In a village where a catechist is laboring, and where he goes on his preaching tours, lived a father, mother, and three children. For a long time the father has desired to renounce Hindooism, and number himself among Christians. The daughters also, ten and twelve years of age, have wished it, but the mother has been firm in her adherence to the religion of her fathers. Now she has given it all up, and of her own account, presented herself with her children for baptism. The man could not at that time be with them, although he will come shortly. One daughter could not be baptised, as she is married to an old man, a Hindoo, who has another wife and children. As he does not yet come for the child, the family hope she may be freed from him, but if she were baptised, they feared he might cause her more trouble. The mother seemed intelligent and earnest in her answers to the many questions asked her. As they knelt in their rags and dirt, everything about them betokening extreme poverty and ignorance, I looked upon them as forming one of the most interesting groups I had ever seen. Poor and ignorant though they are, they can reflect the image of Christ, and be received by Him at last without spot or wrinkle.

*Letters from MISS CADDY.*

## IN THE MOUNTAINS.

It is a long and fatiguing journey to Simla, where I spent three weeks, greatly enjoying the change from the burning plains where Allahabad is situated. As Simla is the seat of Government during the summer months, several Christian Babus go there in connection with their offices. They spend their leisure in preaching the Gospel of Jesus in the neighboring villages, which is no light work, for the mountains are steep and the villages are not easy of access. The Lord is blessing the labors of these Christians in the conversion of souls. I had the privilege of witnessing the baptism of two converts, one of whom was an old woman from a distant village. Her son was converted some three or four years ago, and soon after returned to his native village, and as his Christian friends heard no more of him, he was almost given up. Last January he returned, bringing his aged mother with him, and proving that he had not been unfaithful during his absence. His mother was so far persuaded by him, that she was willing to go all that distance and place herself under instruction. She was very slow of comprehension, but the Lord opened her heart to receive the Truth, and after making a public profession, she was baptized in His name.

The other convert was a lad who had been educated in a Mission School. I believe that he was prohibited from making a profession of his faith for some time, and we may be sure that he endured persecution in his own home. If I remember rightly, he was baptized with his father's consent. As a rule, the hill people are very interesting, for they are so simple and ready to listen to Christian teaching.

## ASYLUM FOR LEPERS.

On my way from Simla I spent a few days at Subathu, where I saw a most interesting institution, a leper asylum. A devoted missionary labors among the poor lepers, endeavoring to lead them to Him who can cure the sin-sick soul, while he seeks also to relieve them of bodily suffering.



## RETURN HOME.

It was a great pleasure to meet my dear pupils on my return. The dear child in our school who has confessed Jesus in her home, and has told her parents of her desire to be baptized, is still permitted to go to school. Her mother sings her praises and expresses great love to her, but she is daily tried by an older brother, who beats and ill-uses her in other ways because of her love to Jesus. Truly she is suffering for His name's sake ; may she be kept faithful to the end.

Small-pox has been in almost every house during our absence, and some, mainly children however, have been called away. In one house I was asked to sit down on a bed from which an old woman, who was recovering from the disease, had arisen. They only succeeded in awaking her on my entrance. I am struck with the way in which the people speak of the visitation of this disease. On asking if all were well in a house, a servant replied, "The mercy or kindness of the goddess of small-pox is in the house."

## DROWNED IN THE GANGES.

So far, our dear children who come to the school have not been touched, but one of the dearest and brightest of them has met with a very sad fate, having been drowned, at Benares, while bathing in the Ganges. Having gone with her family to visit some relatives in Benares, she was sent to bathe in the river, with an old servant, who was trusted implicitly. The child, desiring to play longer in the water, suggested that the servant should wash the clothes which had been taken off. When this was finished the woman called the child, but receiving no reply, found that while diving she must have gone down the steps, and suddenly was beyond her depth before she had time to call. When I went to see the mother, she gave way to her grief, only saying, "Oh ! mem sahib, my Shoroshotti." The child was such an obedient, helpful daughter at home, giving up her will to please or amuse her little wayward brothers, so that they should not disturb their mother. The progress she made in her studies, above every other child was wonderful.

## **CHINA—Peking.**

*Letter from* MISS BURNETT.

DAILY LIFE IN THE HOME.

Some items of daily life, may serve to give an interior view of our operations in the Mission school. There are now twenty boarding pupils, whose ages vary from seven to seventeen. These are gathered from the city and country, while six are from the famishing district, in the province of Shan-Tung. To provide for, educate, and train these young girls to habits of cleanliness and industry, is no small responsibility, for it is not our policy to support them in idleness. With two assistants, the cooking, washing, cutting and making by hand of every article, including shoes and bedding, is accomplished. Spinning thread is also another branch of the industrial department.

In the early morning, the courts are swept, rooms put in order, and the household assemble for worship. Breakfast dispatched, recitations and study follow. At two o'clock, when school is dismissed, the girls engage in sewing or other employment until five, when the lessons committed during the day, are repeated. At the evening service, a Psalm is read responsively, and each pupil has a verse, while at morning prayers, the reading is in turn. Recreation comes after the late meal, until the bell summons all to their rooms for the night.

Let me now introduce some of our number. An-Ho, a robust girl of fourteen, came to us in March, from the country. We were the first foreigners she had ever seen. After six days of travel, and from an impoverished home, her appearance at first was not prepossessing. She, however, soon began to improve, and now takes a special pride in being neat and cleanly. After a week she unbound her feet, and though they had been tightly bandaged from infancy, she is now rejoicing in the liberty of large shoes. But the most encouraging feature is her great desire to learn. I doubt much, if her application and ability could be surpassed by a Japanese school-girl. There

are others who would compare favorably with that progressive people.

But who is this tall handsome maiden of seventeen, whose school-life has but just commenced? Her mother, of whom we have written, has been anxiously praying, more than a year, that this daughter might learn of the Saviour, so precious to her own heart. But the prejudices of an aunt, who had adopted the child when quite young, were so intense, against the "foreign doctrine" that the mother was unable to accomplish her object, until last Spring when the aunt died. The girl is betrothed, but comes prior to marriage, for a year or two, for the express purpose of gaining knowledge. Will you not unite with us in earnest supplications that before she leaves she may become a sincere disciple of Jesus, and go from us to form a Christian home whence the light of truth may radiate in this dark land.

Here is a little one skipping around as happy as a bird. Her mother brought her one Saturday morning, but came for her in the evening, saying the father and grandmother objected to her remaining. We invited them to attend service the next day. The grandmother came, and finding we were not such objects of terror as she had imagined, and that the child *still had her eyes*, consented to leave her. Last Sabbath the father and mother came, listened to the Truth, and seeing their daughter so bright and cheerful, went away apparently satisfied. In the meantime the little subject is committing Scripture in verse, learning characters, and has no inclination to leave us. Of other pupils I will write hereafter.

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Rev. Mr. KNOWLTON tells us that there are "twenty-four missionary societies, having over one hundred and sixty missionaries in China, of whom one hundred and forty are ordained. One ordained missionary to some two million six hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants! Is this what should be done by all Christendom for China?"

**JAPAN—Yokohama.***Letters from MRS. PIERSON.*

BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

The Japanese have various beliefs with regard to their condition after death. Some believe in transmigration, but nearly all with whom I have conversed, in the immortality of the soul. I have often written about a very interesting case of conversion. It was that of a married man, without children, who belonged to the higher class, but because sick and reduced to poverty he fell into many misfortunes. He seemed to yield an intellectual assent to the truth of the Gospel, as soon as its light dawned upon him. Not so with his wife, who was apathetic and indifferent. The Spirit afterward led him captive to the love of Jesus, and he became a sincere follower of the Saviour. At last his wife and her relatives were very unkind to him, and he died after a lingering illness. I have followed his wife in her wanderings, striving, when hope was sometimes difficult, to lead her from sin to repentance and faith in Jesus. When I ceased my visits to her for a while she came to see me, begging me to resume Christian instruction at her house. After the next meeting the girl who accompanied me said, "Did you see that image in the box?" "No," I replied; "what was it?" "It is an image that woman worships, to please the spirit of her husband, for she is afraid he will return at night and torment her." This proves that she thinks he still lives. God is good, and I trust that He will yet lead her poor, weary soul to accept His salvation.

## . VISITS TO THE COUNTRY.

I have been holding meetings at "Tera Omara," a village about fifteen miles from Yokohama. Of course I could not go frequently, my only time being Friday, after school, till the following Saturday evening. All of the people in that vicinity desire to study God's Word, and have no teacher. A Japanese lady living at Atzugi, two miles beyond, gave me an urgent invitation to visit her for the purpose of holding a meeting. As we were having a little vacation, I seized that opportunity to

accept her invitation. The day was a very gem in the Spring-time: soft and balmy, with a cloudless sky, and the opening verdure greeting us everywhere. Fields of rape flowers, with their golden, cups, reminded me of the buttercups in the old homestead of my childhood. But how different was the aspect of the country from those well remembered scenes! A range of mountains parallel with the horizon, extending northward, are my especial delight, as they are ever varying: sometimes veiled with a silvery mist, like the picture of some distant land, faintly discerned, or bathed in gorgeous sunset hues. The rice fields still inundated, showed only the stubble of the last year's harvest. Owing to some mistake on the part of the coolies, we went out of the direct route nearly two miles beyond our destination, in consequence of which we did not arrive till half past seven, P. M. But our friends gave us a cordial welcome and made us comfortable. As soon as we were refreshed we commenced work. Not being apprized of our intention, they could not send to a distance an invitation to some friends who were wishing to hear us when we came. About sixty persons assembled, who seemed to drink in the words of Life as the parched ground receives the rain and dew. There was one man who sat near me, with his head bowed, who gave audible assent to everything I said. A more earnest, attentive audience I have never seen. The meeting did not close until midnight, and then only because we were perfectly exhausted. The next morning a similar meeting was held. Many expressed a desire to know more, and urged us to come again. After dinner we departed for Tera Omara on our homeward way. Another place is two miles beyond, where there is a large school-house in which they have invited me to have a meeting.

We are still holding meetings in Yokohama, and yesterday many strangers attended. The Lord is certainly full of condescension and loving kindness to make use of such feeble and unworthy instrumentalities.



*Letter from MISS MCNEAL.*

## A VACATION TRIP.

Vacation came, the pupils scattered to their homes, and we missionaries fled to the mountains for a few weeks' respite from the labor and heat of the town. I made my way to Kanawzan, a delightful spot, concerning which I have heard so much that is pleasant and also much that is disagreeable, as foreigners are not quite so well received as in some portions of Japan. Early in the day we entered a Japanese junk, and soon reached the little town from whence our march upward was to commence. The water is very shallow there, for two or three miles from shore, and we were soon surrounded by a multitude of greedy-looking coolies who, espying the foreigners, had waded out with the hope of carrying us on their backs to the land for any sum of money they should choose to name. It so happened that we had been informed of this plan between boatmen and coolies, and had obtained from the proprietor of the boat line in Yokohama a written promise that we should be landed on dry ground. After a lengthy conversation with the head boatmen, during which the written promise was frequently held before him, and Yokohama policemen were often spoken of with reverence, we were drawn nearer at last to the damp edge of the long beach, which we reached by a short wade. When our passes were examined, we commenced our journey up the mountains. Our rooms at Kanawzan look out upon high mountains, peaceful and lovely valleys and rice fields, with the beautiful bay in the distance. Quiet little villages, with their brown thatched roofs, dot the country all about us, looking from this height the very picture of repose and comfort, and leading one almost to forget that this is a pagan land, but a walk through the village served to remind us fully that God is not known here.

## AN OLD LANDMARK.

At the end of the narrow village street, in a beautiful spot, stands a Buddhist temple, the first foundation of which was laid over a thousand years ago. It has been three

times burned to the ground, the present building having stood one hundred and fifty years. We generally give all extraordinary statements in this country a large discount, or an interrogation point, and I fear that the perishable nature of Japanese architecture does not warrant implicit faith in what our informant told us. At the right of this temple stands a Buddhist monastery, in which live several priests and a few students. Outside the monastery enclosure stands a lovely bamboo grove. A pretty, well kept yard invited us to enter, but a surly-looking priest looked at us fiercely from a long window, and called a servant, evidently to send us away. Seeing this, I laid a copy of our little Japanese paper on a bar projecting from a veranda, and another placed a copy of St. John's Gospel among some books lying upon the ground, to be sunned, which is often a necessary precaution in this country. Looking backward, as we left the yard, we saw the men take the book and paper, and then they motioned to us. As the Japanese motion for "Come" is the same backward way of the hand as ours is for "Go," we hardly knew how to interpret this, but decided to return at some future time. We learned afterward that these priests, a few summers ago, gathered all the Christian books left by the missionaries among the people, and burned them. We are in hopes that what we have distributed will not be collected until they have been read, and some truth treasured.

#### AN EARNEST STUDENT.

A young man living some distance from the village came to us, to learn English, and though we needed rest we felt it would not be right to neglect any opportunity to influence a young life. He comes regularly twice a week, and after my lesson is over, one who speaks the language with great readiness, and whose heart is warm with a love of the work, talks to him of the true God and loving Saviour. We found after his third visit that he is already enquiring the way to Jesus. He brought me a broken English communication, having studied a little with a Japanese teacher. I give the meaning of the

“letter,” as he called it, knowing as I do something of the peculiarities of the Japanese language :

“ I desire to learn the English language, and about the true God which you worship. But it cannot be, because my father is an officer and much away from home, and my mother is sick and there is no one but me to take care of the house. Therefore, I wish you, if you pity me, to pray to your God that I may be made happy. If you do so, I will be glad.”

#### A WAVE OF INFLUENCE.

On Sabbath we held a meeting in our little inn, and the people gave good attention. We can but hope for some good result from the seed sown. After the meeting had closed, I distributed our papers, “Glad Tidings,” and they seemed grateful and pleased with them. We are hoping for a large audience next Sabbath, the first meeting being but an advertisement to the people. We had no other means of inviting them than to tell our hostess what we wished to do, and to begin singing, to call in those who were near enough to hear it.

A few steps from the door of our little inn a row of rough stone idols stands, six in number. These are the idols to which the people pray for the happiness of their deceased friends. Our hostess assures us that they are very, *very* old, and that the people do not believe in them as much as formerly. We mistrust, however, that this is but a stroke of policy on her part, for she would like us to think, while we are here, that they believe our religion as good as theirs, hoping that this will induce us to come again to their house. They would not talk thus in the presence of the priests. We are anxious to accomplish something for the Master, in the Buddhist stronghold on this lovely island. Truly the gifts of God are here “strewn with lavish kindness,” while the people in their blindness “bow down to wood and stone.”

**GREECE—Athens.**

*Letter from* MRS. FLUHART.

Our vacation is passing so rapidly, that school days will be upon us before one-half has been done that we hoped to accomplish. I add two extracts from many similar notices concerning our school examination, which will be sufficient to show you the public sentiment towards us :

MELLON.

“The examinations of the school directed by Mrs. Fluhart were very successful. We were present at the Greek examinations, and were very much pleased at the evidence of progress. We also saw the fancy work, which was for the most part perfect. As we are informed, all the other lessons bore evidence of much fruit. The directress is worthy of all praise for the intelligent and enlightened manner in which she has conducted the school.”

NEOLOGOS.

“Yesterday the Intermediate and First Greek classes of Mrs. Fluhart’s school, situated near the Academy, were examined. Having been present at these examinations, we consider it but justice to mention with praise the teacher, Miss Maria Stavropoulon, an intelligent young lady, as well as the studious pupils, who answered courageously the questions of their intelligent teacher in Sacred History, Grammar, Geography, History, and other studies. They were afterwards examined in French, by a special teacher, who had trained her pupils in a worthy manner. That which pleased us especially was the drawing of maps on a small scale, from memory, and completed in one single hour. This practice, common in other countries, so little known in ours, we recommend to our schools, because only in this manner will the learning of geography be a success, and not by mechanical and theatrical—so to say—responses, in which those examined most frequently do not know what they say. Also, for the rest, the progress in fancy work, drawing, music, but especially in geography, we congratulate the excellent directress.”

## SYRIA.

Letter from MISS ANNAN, of St. George's Moslem School, Beyrout.

### TEACHING MOHAMMEDANS.

It is now a year and a half since I have been privileged to have some part in trying to help forward the work in this place. I rejoiced that I could come among the Moslem girls of Beyrout. There are many discouragements that one must necessarily meet in working among a people who are such enemies to Christianity. But that is not to say that the work, although it be preparatory (and all missions must have their preparation time), is without encouragement. I do not think any one could believe that, who could see children of Mohammedan parents reading daily from the Testament, and repeating, as they do, the shorter catechism as well as any American or Scotch child. And taught as they are, as far as possible to *understand* what they learn, surely the Master will not let His seed fall to the ground. Please God it may grow up and bear fruit, even to an hundred-fold!

Miss Taylor may now look for some better daughters, wives, and mothers in some of the Moslem homes; women who have wider minds and greater intellects than the generality of these poor things, who remain like caged birds within their four walls without occupation. And if that improvement may be expected in this generation, surely we may look for greater things from their children. There are now two schools, a boarding and a day school. Those who board in the house number fifteen; half of them Moslems, and half Druse. Besides these, there are about ten day-scholars who daily learn with them. In the elementary school the number varies from over seventy in the winter to fifty in the warm weather. Sometimes we have most interesting visits from the parents. One or two of the men lately have seemed willing and even anxious to have a talk about Christianity and Mohammedanism respectively. It is quite interesting to listen to them; but it generally returns to the same question, "But how could God have a Son?" And again some of them will cross their forefingers because they will not give utterance to the word "Cross."



# Home Department.

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## Links with Past and Present.

While most of us have been seeking rest and change in delightful rural surroundings, important events connected with the general interests of our Society have been going forward.

In our last issue we had only space for a brief notice of the large gathering in the chapel of Rev. Dr. Clark's church, Albany, N. Y., July 30th, for the purpose of uttering last words of cheer and leave-taking to two ladies about to go to Japan as missionaries of the "Woman's Union Society." It was a sacred place to hold a sacred meeting. The last time our Society had been represented in that room two were there who now worship with saints and angels before the throne of God. Mrs. T. C. Doremus, our beloved President, and Mrs. Dr. Clark, Vice-President of the Society—and long the life and soul of the Albany Branch. What names! What memories! Was it strange that the very room seemed filled with a spiritual power and presence!

With Miss Fletcher we still love to recall how her devoted aunt, Mrs. Clark, had planned for her departure with almost motherly tenderness, and concerning whom her last correspondence with our officers had been devoted.

With Mrs. Viele we notice how in her farewell to the assembly of friends collected in her honor, she again traced her impulse to consecrate herself to foreign missions to the last meeting of the Society, in Albany, where she listened to the words of our venerable President.

Miss Doremus and Miss Robinson went from New York to bid these dear representatives God-speed, and testified that the

memories of that chain of circumstances, which have wrought such changes in many lives, was overpowering.

Mrs. Viele, in a letter to the Albany "Work at Home," thus speaks of her farewell to the scenes of her labors :

" My first sentence was scarcely written, when my pen rested, and I was back in dear old Albany again ; living over for the hundredth time that last sweet day ; so filled with blessed memories, words, looks, acts, all full of love, yet too inadequate to express their depth of meaning. How my feet lingered about the door of the Shelter Home, going back twice, thrice to leave some other little word, or say one more good-bye. How I *felt* the eyes and prayers that followed me, as I passed down the street *that* day so different from all other days. How minutes grew into hours, and hours sped on golden wings freighted with so much that was beautiful and ever to be remembered. How the dear faces in the church come up before me, to bless and comfort me again, while I hear the loving congratulations mingled with tears of sorrow at the parting.

I am again in the beautiful home that was so kindly opened for the exchange of farewell greetings. I see the fresh, bright flowers, gathered and arranged by loving hands, and hear the mingling of voices in social converse, praise and prayer ; it all comes back to me like a blessed dream. I linger over the last hour spent in Christian communion, sweet and restful, the last gift given and received, the last words written at midnight in my precious Bible, presented in words so chaste and eloquent. The quiet walk to the depot, the moments of waiting, the last good-byes, and then our voices mingling together, the last time for years, perhaps forever, in the " Sweet Bye and Bye ;" and as the strains are wafted on the midnight air the car moves off and hides the group of loved ones from my view. So much was done to smooth and soften the parting hour, there was little room for tears and sorrow, and in looking back I see only reason for gratitude in the old life ; the present I am trying to improve and enjoy ; and the future I leave with Jesus."

It gives us great happiness to mention that Miss McNeal writes August 30th :—

“Our new reinforcement arrived yesterday at noon. They met a typhoon two days before reaching the harbor, but were in good spirits, and seemed very cheerful and happy in contemplation of their work here. Mrs. Viele’s experience in the home work at Albany will serve her well here, and Miss Fletcher’s knowledge of music will come in good place at once. The time of their coming, too, seems very opportune. We had not expected them before the middle of September, but this rapid passage will give them time to learn a little of their surroundings before school begins.”

Surely we must feel as if a special blessing attended these dear ones on the broad ocean, carrying them thus rapidly to their future home.

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## Return to a Stronghold.

On Sabbath evening, September 16th, the elegant edifice of the Reformed Church, Schenectady, N. Y., where Rev. W. Griffis is Pastor, was the scene of an impressive meeting held as a farewell to Miss Hook, our former valued missionary in India, who returns to fill an important post. God has been very good to us in restoring the health of this dear friend, and enabling her to go forth again with all her gifts and fitness for the task, to gather sheaves for the Heavenly Garner.

Mr. Edward Clark, late Professor of Chemistry in an Imperial college in Japan, gave a most graphic picture of his introduction into our Mission Home in Calcutta, and that part of the work which a gentleman could be permitted to inspect, without invading the privacy of a zenana. In very powerful words he testified to the practical results of our Union Society which he had witnessed in Japan and India, and which he said he honored above all others, not alone for its admirable work, but because it carried out the spirit which so admirably commended it to the heathen, who knew not of denomination. Mr. Clark closed with a touching description of Miss Seelye, M.D., her Dispensary work, her vacation trip, and her lonely burial amid the

peaks of the Himalayas. Every one who heard this faithful testimony of an eye-witness, could but feel that Miss Hook was returned to a grand sphere for work in one of Satan's strongholds.

Mrs. Pruyne followed with a thrilling appeal for consecration among Christian women. She said the question had often been asked her if she had not been disheartened with the sin and darkness that surrounded her while in Japan. Her reply had always been that this state of degradation had been fully appreciated when she decided to give some of her life's work there. But the disappointment and disheartening had come to her since her return home, when she was met with the apathy of Christians, and the constant remark that we had so many heathen at home.

Mrs. Pruyne then sketched one Sabbath morning when a service of Japanese and English was held in the school-house of our Union "Home" in Yokohama, and the great changes which in four years had been wrought by the Holy Spirit. The scene seemed almost a miracle, and was a joy to her which no purely earthly happiness had ever given. She closed with this strong plea: "My christian sisters, can you afford to lose the experience of this 'joy so strangely sweet' by your apathy in the cause which is so widely opened for your efforts?"

Rev. Mr. Griffis then made a pastoral address to his people, asking that Miss Hook, who was a loved and honored member of this spiritual home, might be cherished with an abiding interest. He touched on much of self-denial that her return to India involved, and the importance that she should realize how strong was the sympathy and interest which would sustain her in every hour of need.

It was very gratifying to see the loving tributes of affection and interest which were given to Miss Hook by her friends, among which was a social reception held in the church parlors previous to her last day in Schenectady. Surely the claim which will bind this dear missionary to us will be strong and enduring.

## Shall our Mission Homes be beautiful?

After the Summer's dispersion far and wide, our noble band of workers, and the members of our mission-bands, are, we hope, gathered again in their homes, with fresh health and courage to take up the winter's work for the blessed Master as He shall portion it out for them.

One especial branch of the work calls at this time for our attention, in the adornment of our "Mission Homes," as well as their furnishing with comforts which a self-denying missionary needs. A warm friend and visitor to one of our recently established Mission stations, told with touching simplicity of the economy which our frugal teachers practised in all their home arrangements. When questioned very closely, the bareness of the walls, the scantiness of the furniture, all appeared very vivid. Now dear friends, who ask us constantly what shall we do, here is work for you. Can you not, out of your abundance, spare snowy curtains to make our Mission home windows look cheerful; can you not send a comfortable article of furniture for the tired and worn frames of our untiring but over-worked teachers, or household articles and appliances, such as affection is wont to offer, to beautify the apartments of our loved ones in our own land? While these brave spirits give—not a fraction of time and strength only—but their life, their all to this service, shall not we be aroused to a fresh and generous outlay in sustaining them?

One touching instance of womanly thought came to us in the gift of Mrs. Thornton, acknowledged in our last number. In breaking up her home at Saratoga, she wrote to ask if her stores of bedding and linen, dear to her by many hallowed associations, would be acceptable for our Mission in Calcutta. Most gratefully was it accepted and sent. Another warm friend, Miss Dean, of New York, has recently given two oil paintings, with a sum of money to frame them, for the Home at Athens. A word of suggestion is all we offer: The Lord be pleased to incline many hearts to devise liberal things!



## One in Christ.

REV. A. N. SOMERVILLE gives us the following powerful thoughts on union work for Christ:—

“In that unique and grandest of all prayers ever offered on earth, John xvii, FIVE TIMES, and each time with a difference in the plea, does the Lord Jesus, as the Great Intercessor, ask of the Father that His people—and this, too, in all ages—should be ONE. Five times! Have we thought of this? Twice does He give this as a reason for His request; “That the world may believe, “That the world may know that Thou hast sent Me,”—adding, after His second mention of the reason, this marvellous plea: “And that Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me!” Strange that we should not fall in with Jesus in His own way for promoting the Church’s well-being! No doubt these frequent appeals to the Father for the oneness of Christ’s people suggest to us the occurrence of some great obstacles in the way of maintaining this unity; and the experience of centuries has shown how formidable these difficulties have been; but not the less does the intercession of Jesus evince the unspeakable, the indispensable importance of unity, and guarantee its full accomplishment at last. My own persuasion is that the quarrels, contentions, and, alas! I fear I must even say hatreds, among Christians, have done more almost than anything else, dismally to arrest the progress of the Gospel.

“The compactness of the tribes of Israel for forty years in the wilderness at once preserved them from infection by the corruptions of the nations around them, and proved an indispensable requisite to the conquest of their promised inheritance. Had the Church of the New Testament times, of which Israel was typical, maintained a corresponding compactness, she would, by this time, have been on her way toward the possession of her world-wide inheritance, promised to her in the person of her Head. “Ask of Me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.”

“It was a singular delight to me, while lately engaged in God’s work beyond the Atlantic, to find myself in the midst of an assembly in British America whose components, a short time ago, represented eight separate ecclesiastical organizations, but are now combined in one compact body—one church. It seemed to me as if a new factor had suddenly appeared on the earth for the subduing, by God’s grace, the world for Jesus.

“Oh, the power of combination, concentration, and of the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. If we take a collection of small pieces of glass, and cause the rays of the sun to pass through them, no apparent effect is produced. Even if the separate pieces should be rounded, and thickened towards the centre—in which case the piece of glass, if presented to the sun, would assume the character of a burning glass—still the effect from the smallness of the glasses, would not be great at one spot. But let all the pieces of glass be melted and cast, so as to form a lens of thirty or thirty-two inches in diameter, and then be held up so as to concentrate and transmit the rays of the sun, the intensity of heat produced at one point will be such as to melt the hardest substance. So with the power of combination on the part of Christ’s people, when the glorious rays of the Sun of Righteousness are brought to bear, through them, on the hearts of men on the earth.”

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## Woman’s Work Spreading.

The President of the “Choctaw and Chickasaw Woman’s Baptist Missionary Society of Indian Territory” is a full-blooded Choctaw, can not speak a word of English, owns and manages a farm in the Red River bottoms, and is considered a woman of unusual ability. She has built mostly from her own means a meeting-house near her home. The object of the society, which is said to be the first of the kind among the Indians, is to extend Christianity among their own people and the wild Indians living beyond the borders of the Territory.

## Story of Guapung, a Karen Princess.

One day Guapung was in a house by the Salwed river, when she saw a "Flying Ship" come up the stream. It was about the year 1827. She ran down to see the "Flying Ship," when a tall, handsome white foreigner stepped on shore, and coming right up to her extended his hand, asking in Burmese if she was well.

"Ma, the 'kyen—well, my lord," she replied, with native grace.

The stranger had only time to ask after her business, and say "Go in peace," when he returned to the "Flying Ship," and she stood gazing after him in mute amazement.

Soon her brothers came, and she said: "I have seen one of the sons of God!" "Did he speak?" "Yes, and he gave me his hand." "Did you take the hand of a foreigner?" "Yes, for he looked like an angel."

The brothers took her home to her husband, the highest chief. He was a heathen, and though he adored his beautiful Guapung, his jealousy was aroused, and he beat her, as he often did in a fit of drunkenness. That night she was called to attend the ceremony of the "Dead Bone Burial," a peculiar heathen rite.

"No," said this modern Semiramis—for she was so indeed, in majestic beauty, with the finest brow and loveliest of eyes—"No, ever since I was a child I have served Satan and Shen Gaudama, yet they have never stopped my husband from beating me once. This white man spoke to me kindly, and gave me his hand. His God must be *The* God. Hereafter I worship Him."

True to her purpose she began that very night to pray to the unknown God of the white foreigner, and this was her prayer:

"Great Arng! Mighty Judge, Father God, Lord God, Uncle or Honorable God, the Righteous One! In the heavens, on the earth, on the mountains, in the seas, in the north, in the south, in the east, in the west, pity me I pray! Show me thy glory, that I may know thee who thou art!"

This prayer she prayed for several years, never once again making offerings to idols or demons. After a long time another white teacher visited her village, when she ran and sat down at her feet for nine days. Then a white woman appeared, that indefatigable American Phœbe,\* Eleanor Macomber, whom Guapung hailed as almost divine, and escorted her home, calling her, their "goddess, right from the heavens, come to deliver the women of Dong Yahn from their oppressive masters;" and indeed she did, under God, for their arrack pots were soon cast out, and the men from being a whole village of bacchanalians became a sober, God-fearing people.

Guapung, with Miss Macomber, was the means of raising up in Dong Yahn a flourishing Christian church, which became the parent of two other churches in that province. All this was the result of a little human sympathy towards woman. Guapung felt that in her land woman was regarded as a slave, fit only to bear burdens; never to walk beside her husband or brothers; and this was why the simple act of giving the hand left such an indelible impression. Verily, this was Dr. Judson's Great Sermon, for it was he who gave the hand; and if his glorified soul could now speak from the Spirit-land, would he not say to his brethren "PITY THE HEATHEN WOMEN!"

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## The Victory of Faith.

One of the most striking and impressive features of modern missionary experience is the glad readiness of the people to receive the water of life. In contrast to the cold indifference that too often meets the Gospel in our land of light and privilege, this willing reception of the message of peace is really startling.

One who had been a faithful teacher of a band of Karens for three years says, "It seems as if we could almost see them grow in a knowledge of the truth. This was the greatest con-

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\* "A succourer of many." Romans 16: 2.

solution to us all when we saw them dropping away by cholera. Twenty-five of my Bible class who had so delighted in studying about "the light of the world," ascended up in about two months time to bask in that light forever, and not one murmur, not a single expression of fear, as far as I could learn, escaped the lips of any.

"Are you afraid?" I asked them repeatedly, as I stood beside them and held the hands of those dying saints. "No, mamma, we know Christ will take us."

What but the inspired oracles could have given such men such faith to die by? such a light through the shadows, such a life-belt for those deep waters."

E. H. S.

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## A Martyr's Refuge.

Dr. Mullens, whose name, and that of his wife, is so intimately associated with the origin of zenana teaching in India, in a recent address before the British Bible Society, thus describes a visit to Madagascar, the scene of such bloody persecution of converts to the religion of Jesus:

"About fifteen months ago I was in one part of the country, and was asking the missionary who resides there whereabouts it was that the martyrs used to gather. We had often heard of those gatherings, and one of his native evangelists who stood by, said, 'Why, it is just here. I can show you the spot.' We all went with him, and he led us to a great group of enormous boulder rocks. He pointed out a little opening between those rocks. It was about two feet from the ground, and we crept into it and then looked around. On our left, beneath a huge boulder, we found that there was a little space of about fourteen or fifteen feet long, about three or four feet wide, and about two feet high—just such a space as we might find beneath a rather long *dining-room table*. He said, 'We used to meet here—ten or twelve or fifteen of us—on the Sunday to read the Word of God.'"



# Mission-Band Department.

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## Nineteen Brown Scholars.

AN English lady who has charge of the "Sarah Tucker Institution" for training school-mistresses, in Palam-cottah, India, gives us a bright peep into a school built by a kind friend in England, for little heathen girls—

And now we will go into the schoolroom and see the girls.

"Salaam! Salaam! Salaam!"

Nineteen little brown girls all drawn up in a row are crying out and slapping their foreheads with their little brown hands. I wish you could see them, you would be so amused. The little girl who stands at the head of the class is the daughter of one of the principal men in the town; she is perhaps ten years old, and looks very bright and intelligent. I will tell you a little about her dress, so that you may picture her to yourself. We will begin at the crown of her head and go down to her toes. You can see her toes, for none of their children wear shoes or stockings. On the top of her head she wears a thing like a saucer turned upside down, but it is made of pure gold; then her crow-black hair is plaited and hangs down her back in long tails, and each tail has a little tassel at the end made of black and golden threads. She has a straight blue mark down her forehead, which shows she is a worshipper of the idol Vishnu. Her eyes are large and black and bright, with a little fringe of black paint under the lids. A large gold ring set with pearls and rubies passes through a hole in one of her nostrils, and hangs right down

over her mouth. Her ears are pierced above and below, from the lower lobe hang earrings shaped like bells, made of gold, rubies, and pearls; and from the top parts of her ears other jewels stick out like tiny fans. Round her neck are hung four chains of black and gold beads; several bracelets are upon her wrists; on her ankles are several silver rings, and more little rings ornament her toes. Her dress consists of a neat red jacket, and a handsome red cloth, which is wound round her waist, while one end is passed neatly over her shoulder, and covers her back and breast. I suppose she is worth \$500 in clothes and jewels as she stands before me.

None of the other children are dressed so grandly as this first girl, though nearly all of them wear ornaments of gold and precious stones. Some of them have three white marks across their foreheads, which show they worship the idol Siva. Others have their faces stained yellow with saffron; this the natives think very pretty. Several look very comical with their hair done up in little knobs, like horns, sticking out in front and behind. Several have the lower lobes of their ears cut, so that they hang down in loops large enough for some of you to put your little hands through.

But now I must tell you about something else in the schoolroom: From one of the beams in the roof two cords are hanging; they support a cloth which is tied at the ends and makes a sort of bag hanging down. There is something in the cloth, and I notice that the schoolmistress as she passes up and down gives it a little push now and then, and it swings from side to side. What is in it, should you think? Ah, now I see something that tells tales: two very tiny fat brown feet have popped out at one side of the cloth, and are kicking in the air; it is the schoolmistress's baby, and the cloth makes a very good cradle, I can tell you.

The schoolmistress is a fine, bright, intelligent young woman, whom I know very well, for she was a pupil of ours for three years in the "Sarah Tucker Institution." I now tell her to ask the children some Bible questions, and she questions them concerning the Creation of the World, Adam and Eve, the Garden of Eden, the Fall of Man, and the Coming of Christ. As I hear the little scholars' voices answering, I cannot help praying that God will let this good seed sink into their hearts, that these heathen girls may become followers of Jesus.

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### A Dear Namesake.

Mary Seelye is a dear child about seven, always pleasant and cheerful, with a bright, pretty face and fine expressive eyes. She was brought to me two months ago by her widowed mother, and it is likely that she will stay a long while with us. Her mother is supported by the church, so Mary is entirely committed to my care. I chose her for you because she is so intelligent that I feel sure she will repay your love and care. The little girl's Bengali name is Premoduire, but the others will soon learn to call her by her new name. She is in the fifth class, and our teacher always speaks in her praise. I find her quite an attentive little pupil too. She has taken a special liking to one of her school-fellows, much younger than herself, who is blind at night, and can see but very faintly even in the day; Mary will put her arm around the little one's neck, to lead the blind, giving up all her merry play. She is very gentle, kind and loving to all her companions here. I have watched her very closely, and it is just on account of all the pleasant traits in her character that I have chosen her for you. The name Mary Seelye means so much to us all who loved her so well. She was

especially endeared to me by the memory of many happy hours spent together, many kind, loving attentions while I lay on a bed of sickness. We shall never see her like again here, but I love to think of her, white-robed and shining.

“Familiar with the floor of Heaven,  
And dwelling nigh unto the throne of God,”

The mission work goes on, and tho' at times there is much to sadden one, much that weakens our faith in humanity, we still look for the fulfilment of the promise, “In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.”

MRS. A. S. PAGE.

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## Selling the Baby.

In one of my zenanas I observed that a boy about eight years of age wore a nose ring. As I had only seen this worn by the opposite sex, my curiosity was excited, and I enquired the reason of his mother. She evidently felt very much ashamed to have me know how superstitious she had once been, for instead of answering me she looked down and smiled. When she found I was bent on being informed, she replied that she had lost two sons, and when the third was born her friends advised her to adorn his nose with a jewel and sell him to a goldsmith for a handful of shells. She seemed unwilling to enlighten me on the subject, and there was no necessity to urge her, for when she got thus far I guessed the rest, for I had previously heard of the ridiculous custom of selling infants. The idea is, if a mother loses several children, and a boy is born afterward, she endeavors to pass him off for a girl, and then sells the child for a nominal sum. All this is done to outwit the evil one whom she hopes will be mistaken with regard to the sex and will probably think

the child belongs to some other individual for whom he has no particular desire to wreak his vengeance. Although the mother in a measure disposes of her child she is obliged still to support it.

MISS SMITH.

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### Entertaining Visitors.

The teacher of one of my Hindi schools came to see me, with four of her pupils, and I was at a loss how to entertain them. I gave them some picture-books to look at, but excepting for the bright colors, they were not interested in them. Knowing how fond the natives are of flowers, I had some brought from the garden and formed into little bouquets for them, which pleased them very much. When Miss Anthony opened her harmonium, and played and sang, they were especially delighted. But on a bass note being struck a little girl rushed out of the room through fright. The visitors wore their shoes, for Hindi women do not object to them, as the Bengalis do. I noticed they took them off before entering the drawing-room, as the Mohammedans do before entering a Mosque.

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### Fashion in Africa.

Travellers going to Zanzibar, in Africa, saw many amusing things, and were astonished at the women in that country. It is the fashion for them to be very fat, and the most fashionable ladies are so stout that the flesh hangs about them, and they go on their hands and knees, and cannot stand up. They are always drinking milk, from morning to night. The travellers also went to Unganda. Another strange custom is, that when the name of the country begins with U—Ugogo—the people always begin it with a W—or Wagogo.



RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society from  
July 20th, to Sept. 20th, 1877.

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Boston Branch, Mrs. Henry Johnson, Treas. (See items below) . . . . . \$300 50

## CONNECTICUT.

Woodbury, "Mary Seelye Memorial" Mrs. H. D. Curtis, Treas. \$35 00

## NEW YORK.

Albany, Albany Branch, Mrs. Fred. Townserd, Treas. from "Temple Grove Seminary," Saratoga, N. Y. . . . . 15 13  
 Brooklyn, Miss E. L. Mitchell, collector, viz.: Mrs. F. A. Coe, 20; Miss Thurston, 10; Miss E. Thurston, 10; Dr. C. L. Mitchell, 10; Link, 50c. . . . . 50 50  
 Ithaca, Mrs. J. C. McGraw, annual subscription, 50; for Jennie McGraw, Calcutta, 50, . . . . . 100 00  
 New York, "United Effort," per Mrs. R. W. Hurlbut, 20; postage, 12, . . . . . 20 12  
 Owego, Mrs. F. H. Pumpelly, per Mrs. Parker, . . . . . 15 00  
 Rhinebeck, "Rhinebeck Gleaners," Miss Eloise P. Peeke, cor. sec., to constitute Mrs. A. PAIGE PEEKE Life Member, . . . . . 50 00  
 Sing Sing, Proceeds of Fair, by Misses Laura Brown, Mamie Johnson and their friends, . . . . . 90 00  
 Mrs. E. M. Kingsley and her children, . . . . . 6 00  
 Utica, "Fowler Band," per Miss Lizzie Potter, for child under Miss Fritcher, Marsovan, Turkey, . . . . . 40 00

Washington Heights, "Helping Hands," Miss Johnstone, Treas. for "Grace," Bible Reader in Calcutta, and to educate "Rana" in Japan, also to constitute Mrs. E. W. DONALD, Life Member, . . . . . 140 00  
 West Troy, Sunday School of South Reformed Church, Mr. Robert Calhoun, Treas. for "Brotto," Bible Reader in Calcutta, . . . . . 75 00  
 Yonkers, Mrs. William Ransom, annual subscription, . . . . . 5 00  
 \$606 75

## NEW JERSEY.

Allentown, Miss Mary E. Beatty, for School in Dehra, 30; for Japan, 10; . . . . . 40 00  
 Hackensack, "Chase Band," per Mrs. Williams, for Work in India, . . . . . 36 10  
 Newark, Miss Helen E. Burnet, for freight on box to Cal. "A Friend of Missions," . . . . . 4 00  
 10 00  
 \$90 10

## MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Rogers, 24; Charles S. Rogers, 6; Katie Rogers, 6; all for Katie Rogers, in Calcutta, . . . \$36 00  
 "Link" subscriptions, . . . . . \$2 75

Total from July 20th, to Sept. 20th, 1877, . . . . . \$1071 10

MRS. J. E. JOHNSON,

Ass't Treasurer.

## RECEIPTS of the Boston Branch.

From Dorchester and Roxbury Auxiliary: . . . . . 200 00  
 Mrs. Walter Baker, . . . . . 50 00  
 Mrs. A. M. Wood, making her Life Member, . . . . . 50 00  
 Bradford Band:  
 Mrs. Thomas Quincy . . . . . 10 00  
 Mrs. J. H. Means, . . . . . 10 00  
 Mrs. Elbridge Torry, . . . . . 10 00

Mrs. T. V. Shaw, . . . . . 5 00  
 Miss E. C. Shaw, . . . . . 5 00  
 Mrs. R. Gleason, . . . . . 5 00  
 Mrs. Vandervoort, . . . . . 5 00  
 "Link," . . . . . 50  
 \$300 50

MARIA N. JOHNSON,

Treasurer.

RECEIPTS of *Phila.*, Branch from Aug. 1st, to Oct. 1st, 1877.

Through Reformed Epis. Ch. Miss F. M. Taylor, 2; Mrs. W. A. Redding, 5; Mrs. Edward Maule, 5; Miss Taylor, 2, 14 00	Murray and family, for support of Margaret Murray in Miss Haswell's school, . . . . 20 00
Through Miss M. A. Longstreth, Susan Longstreth, 10; Elizabeth Morris, 10; Mrs. Theo. H. Morris, 10; Mrs. Fred. W. Morris, 10; Anna Morris, 5; Mrs. Wm. H. Morris, 5; for support of Bible Reader in India. Miss M. A. Long- streth, for support of Bible Reader under Mrs. Bennett, 50, 100 00	Mrs. T. S. Foster, . . . . 5 00
Through Mrs. Dr. Breed: Mrs. M.	Through Mrs. W. W. Keen: Mrs. F. Odin Horstmann, for sup- port of Lulu Ethel in Miss Haswell's school, . . . . 30 00
	\$169 00
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